

MORE PAGES OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTER

NO. 85 NOV.

HOPALONG CASSIDY



Starring
**WILLIAM
BOYD**

10¢

W



*Your pal,
Hopalong Cassidy*

A FAWCETT
PUBLICATION



SIX-GUN STRUGGLE

By John Martin



JOE REILLY shifted his seat on his small prairie schooner and slipped the reins. The two harnessed caymen quakened their pair and the schooner, loaded with the novelty merchandise from which Joe made a living, rattled faster along the road to Redrock, New Mexico. To Joe, Redrock meant nothing again, after a lapse of almost thirty years, his old Civil War comrades, Pete Cayal.

Pete had settled there, after being honorably discharged from the Union Army of the West. Pete was sick of war, and Redrock promised to be the most peaceful settlement west of the Plains. Joe Reilly sighed. For thirty years Pete had lived in peace, refusing to touch a weapon, making a living running a junk metal business on a small patch of desert land just outside Redrock. That much he knew from Pete's infrequent letters.

Peace. Again Joe sighed. Yes Pete had been lucky. He named his eye on the prairie schooner only to the top of the last rise before Redrock. They were wide as acrements.

Bang! Bang! Whizzzzzzzzzz!

Two bullets whistled past his ears. Abruptly Joe threw himself flat in the schooner's driving seat. The horses bucked, then stampeded out of control. At a rapid pace the wagon, swinging from side to side, plunged down the last slope toward Redrock. Peeping cautiously over the forehead and through the harness whiffles, Joe could see the town. It loomed up before him, a single main street lined with saloons, one grand hotel, and several dozen little houses.

Bang! Thud!

A bullet lodged in the left pane of the front-board, its ugly fatterer nose just sticking out on the outer side. Joe unlimbered his single shooting eye and lifted his hand. But a single glance at what was going on in the town convinced him to put the gun back. The bullets that had missed him were wild. A figure was going on in front of the lone hotel. He left a trail of dust as he made out the pause figure of a man lying in the street. Then, suddenly, the gunfire slackened. Two minutes later the wagon dashed up the main street.

The horses, thirty paces in their maddened forward stride as their eyes caught the bright sheet of water in a gulch trough. Instantly Joe leaped overboard and hobbled the horses. While they drank he paced around. The street was fairly empty. A dozen feet away lay a corpse. A dozen feet away from the corpse stood a heavily built, tough-jawed

man, staring away a vagrant.

The hotel manager, started, but anxious to get a customer, ran out into the street and nodded to Joe as the tough-jawed man climbed on a caymen and rode out of town.

"A nice caymen with her shooter's mane," Joe Reilly observed, as he handed over the caymen he kept packed for staying over-night in town. He cast a quick eye at the attendant who ran around and jumped on the driving seat to take his merchandise wagon back to the hotel into the wagon corral for overnight storage. "Better saddle those eggs first, son." Then he turned his eye again on the hotel manager. "Smarter with your horses! He on a vacation?"

The hotel manager shuddered.

"Redrock's had no trouble for three months—not since the gold strike. Rusty Hilton." The hotel manager inclined his head toward the distant figure of the murderer. "Rusty's been terrorizing the town ever since. He's making everybody sign over their interests and land deeds for a song. He killed the last two sheriffs."

"What about the Territorial Governor?" Joe asked. He was wondering where Pete Cayal was.

A look of worry crossed the hotel manager's face.

"The Governor can't do anything. The Territory used to be peaceful, but there's been plenty of trouble in the last five years." He paused. "Trouble is, the region's got a nice lawless Rusty Hilton's cattle is too big for the cowboys to tackle—and nobody'll volunteer to be his star man."

"Who's that?" Joe Reilly asked, pointing to the corpse. A couple of men came out of the opposite saloon and reverently bared the dead body away.

"Mike Foster," the other said. "He was second-best hold-out. Rusty wanted him to sign over his land outside town. Most of us have already agreed to sign over our interests. We don't want to wind up in Rusty's hands. But Mike decided to bridle it out. And there he lies."

"And the last hold-out?" Joe Reilly asked. "Who's he?"

A strange look came over the hotel manager's face. It was a look of parchment.

"Pete Cayal?" he said, and Joe Reilly started.

"Pete Cayal?" he repeated. "Why, he's a friend of mine."

(Continued on inside back cover)



HOPALONG CASSIDY

Executive Editor
WILL LEEVERSON

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V. A. FIDELLER

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

Starring
WILLIAM ROYD

in *THE MYSTERY*
of the LIVE CORPSE

**SHORTLY AFTER DUSK, AT DEND,
LASHES' CLOVER IN THE HILLS...**

EVERYBODY
READY FOR THE
STUNNING!

When That
Tough Cowboy
That Knows, I'll
Show It Act Here!

**A CORPSE IS A DEAD BODY, BUT SINCE WHEN DOES A
DEAD BODY COME OUT OF ITS COFFIN AND START
MURDER? IT JUST CAN'T! HOPALONG CASSIDY
DON'T BELIEVE IT EITHER—UNTIL HE FINDS OUT
THAT THE CORPSE WAS MURDER ON ITS HAND—
HOPALONG'S MURDER!**

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MUIRPORT

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IT WAS ALRIGHT...

COULD BE THERE UP TO—AND
DOWN TO—THE PLANNED
DOWN ON THE COUNTRY'S
DEVELOPMENT BUT
BETTER OFF!



WILL THE
VALIANT BRIDE
BE IN THE P...



SO AS THE DREAM BRIDE SAFELY
ACROSS THE COUNTRY...



YOU WON'T
GET AWAY!



BUT AS HOPALONG CARRIES
ACROSS THE COUNTRY...

GOING—LOOKING FOR HIM!













COOPER, JAMES H. JR.
1910-1911
1912-1913

I DON'T COME TO WORKING
CLASS, BUT I KNOW THE CLASS
WOMEN CAN'T AFFORD TO LIVE WITH
IN THEIR CITIES. I THINK WE
WANT TO CHANGE THAT.



100% Satisfaction
 Guaranteed
 30 Day Money
 Back Guarantee
 100% Satisfaction
 Guaranteed

[illegible]

IF YOU'VE THOUGHT OF GETTING AN
ELECTRIC TOASTER, NOW'S THE TIME FOR
YOU AS A SPECIAL FOR THE PEOPLE OF
THE NEW JERSEY AREA. WE
WANT YOU TO GET THE BEST
TOASTER YOU CAN
GET. WE WANT YOU
TO GET THE BEST
TOASTER YOU CAN
GET. WE WANT YOU
TO GET THE BEST
TOASTER YOU CAN
GET.



THE NEW YORK BOARD OF TRADE HAS
ANNOUNCED THAT IT WILL BE
NOTIFYING ALL OF ITS MEMBERS
THAT IT IS GOING TO BE OPEN
TO ALL OF ITS MEMBERS.



1. **Identify the main idea of the passage.**
 2. **Identify the supporting details.**
 3. **Identify the author's purpose.**
 4. **Identify the author's tone.**
 5. **Identify the author's point of view.**
 6. **Identify the author's bias.**
 7. **Identify the author's audience.**
 8. **Identify the author's style.**
 9. **Identify the author's structure.**
 10. **Identify the author's language.**



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▶ FURNISHING ABOUT 100 TO HIS OFFICE TO FILL OUT THE COMPANY'S FORMS?

I expect to tell you
 that, yes, I expect
 you to help me
 in my work!

WHY WOULDN'T I ASK
FOR THE BREAD? BECAUSE
ALMOST EVERYONE WOULD
BE ASKING FOR THE BREAD.
—LARRY D.



STAY! BUT HE ONLY DISPOSED ME -- THERE'VE GOT
THE SPOON ON THE BENCH, I'M IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT,
COOKIN' UP ALL THE MACHERY FOR MY OWN EATING
(AND THE GUY HANGS OUT ON THIS JAGG)



THEY ARE HOW AND HOW CAN WE
EVERY ONE I GOT WITH THAT GOOD
OUTSIDE, I CAN'T HAVE A RUN FOR
AND WHEN EVERY OTHER BACK
WITH THAT BLOOD FLOWING
YOU'LL HAVE TO
LET ME GO

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IN ONE OF THE ROOMS SPOTLIGHTING
TAVARES & GUNST, WITH A GUNST
PANEL LEADING INTO A SECURITY
ROOM. METI HOPPED FIRST CLASS IN
THAT. (TAVARES) (GUNST) (TAVARES)

[illegible]

NOT I BUT ONLY
THE MOUNTAIN
NOW AND HERE
AND OLD AND BACK
WE CAN'T GET ON
OF THIS MOUNTAIN
OUR MOUNTAIN IS
THAT IT ABOUT



BYRONNE TAYLOR
NORTH CAROLINA



THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE
THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE
THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE











"GOSH! I FEEL awful. I
GOT A DOCTOR?
HURRY."



"A FEW MOMENTS..."

"I'VE TOLD YOU OF HOW MEN
DO GET A DOCTOR! MY
FATHER, OLD MAN, WENT
TO CHASE!"

"I'LL GO! THIS HADDER
A TACKER! DO THE BEST OF
YOURSELF BOTH OF YOU
HIDE OFFER!"

"DOCTOR IS SHAKED, BUT
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING AT CHASE!"



"HE'S DEAD!
YOU'D BETTER
HURRY! WE ARE
SO TIGHT ON
BURY HIM!"

"HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY!
BUT HE LEFT ENOUGH
HONEY WITH ME TO
BURY HIM, SO YOU
TALK COME ON THAT!"



"THE DOCTOR JUST LEFT,
THAT'S THE OLD DOCTOR
KIDNED THE BULLY!
SAY 'S IN BROWN
FOR YOU!"

"A BROWN
FOR ME!"



"I DON'T
OUT IT!"

"DON'T YOU GIVE IT A
SAY FOR YOU TO GET OUT
OF HERE! MOST THAT THE
MOUTH OF THAT
FOOD!"



"I DON'T LIKE HIDEOUT!
THINK BERRY!"

"I'LL GO TO THE
UNDERSTAND
BAC!"



"MOMENTS AFTER..."

"I CAN GO TO THE UNDERSTAND TO
GIVEN A CHANCE FOR OLD MAN BERRY!
YOU BETTER GO! FIGHT BERRY!
FIGHT BERRY! FIGHT BERRY!
THE BERRY BY NOW!"

"MOMENTS AFTER, BUT
NO! - AND TOLD US
TO BURY HIM! AND
WE DO WOULD
WE BERRY!"

HOPALONG CASSIDY

I DON'T LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT THIS
IS THE TIME I THINK HOPALONG
MADE A MISTAKE!

WELL, TOO IF YOU WERE IN
THE HEAT LAST EVENING, YOU
WOULD HAVE FOUND HIM!

I DON'T DRIVE YOU OVER
WEST AND TEN HORSES HE
PROMISED JUST SWAPPED
HORSES AND LEFT GOING!



IF THAT'S THE CASE, BY NOW
WE CAN JUDGE OUR CHANCES OF
EVER CATCHING HIM GOING!

WELL, BY THE
CHANCES OF
THE...
TOWN...

YOU'VE BEEN
JUST JACK BUILD
AND YOU'VE BEEN
AND DEEP COVER!

EXTRA LARG
AND DEEP COVER
POOR HOPALONG
A LITTLE
HOMER!

JUST BEFORE HE WENT HE
JOKED ME TO SEE TO IT THAT
HE WOULD PUT HIM IN A HOLE,
BUT NOW I KNOW THE
GUY'S ABOUT THE LIT
RECORD!

OF COURSE IT DOESN'T
MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE
TO ME I'LL START WORK
ON IT RIGHT NOW AND
GIVE IT TO YOU FIRST
THING IN THE MORNING!



WELL, BY THE
CHANCES OF
THE...
TOWN...

SORRY TO WAKE YOU IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT, HOPALONG, BUT I SUSPECT A
MURDERER IS HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE IN
YOUR OLD HOLE AND THERE ARE
SOME SECRET ROOMS TO BE FOUND!

IT'S IN THE CASE
OF THE MURDER
BEHIND ON THE
NORTH SIDE THE
HOLE SECRET WILL
GIVE YOU AND
LEAD TO A HOLE
A HOLE!

THE
GUY'S
SO THAT
IT!

THANKS, HOPALONG
BUT I'LL START
TO FIND OUT!



WELL, YES,
HOPALONG,
GUY'S
SO THAT
IT!

IT IS SLIPPERY MORNING WHEN HOPALONG GETS BACK



AS LONG AS I'M THE ONLY ONE ABOUT TO GET CAPTURED, I'LL SIT INSIDE THE WAGON WITH MYSELF AS ARMED AS I CAN GET TO GO AND THAT'S THE PLAN. I CAN DO IT.

WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT I BETTER GO DOWN THE HOLEY-BOLE AND TAKE THE WAGON.



NO, AROUND PETA THAT HOLEY-BOLE, I CAN'T STOP YOU, BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHAT NOW WHAT YOU'LL FIND OUT.



IN A FEW MOMENTS... ACCORDING TO MYSELF, THIS IS THE WAGON... AND IT'S BEING OPEN.



THE GUY YOU COVERED, HOPALONG, COME ON OUT!



WHAT THE - I HE'S NOT IN HERE!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE ONLY PLACE HE COULD HAVE BEEN HIDEING-OUTSIDE AS BEHIND MANY OTHERS THE MOST YOU'LL BE THAT FIVE WAS COME ON ABOUT NOW.



THAT'S RIGHT... WATCHING THE WAGON FROM ALL SIDES. DURING THE NIGHT, WE DON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH US.



IT DOESN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH US.



IT DOESN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH US. BUT THE ONLY PLACE THERE WERE POINTED TO US, AND IN THE WAGON-ROOM.





HOPALONG CASPIY

AND COUNTRY WILL BE THE
THEY WERE NOT AND NOW
WE'VE CHANGED THE BILL
TO BE THE SAME AS THE

**WATERMAN COULD
NOT LET EMPLOYEES
KNOW THAT PLAN
WAS A TRAP TO
KILL THEM**

THAT'S HOW THIN LOOK NOW THAT
THE BURNING RING STAYS SO WHITE
SHE SAYS FROM THE
BEST NEW AND TASTY
BE BURNED BY THE
GREAT TIME IS
BURNING

100

STROMBERG'S, LEAVING OFF THE
ROAD AT THE BRIDGE, IT WENT ON
TOWARD NEW HAVEN WITH

WE'VE BLAZED INTO THE WOODS, BUT WE WON'T GET AWAY AFTER I CALL. WE'LL PICK UP AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT, MISSILE, AND LOSE OUT OF THE SKY, AND THEN TO HELP A HANGOVER.

ILLUSTRATION BY
 JOHN DE LA PIERRE
 REPORTER FOR THE
 NEW YORK TIMES

WILLIAM H. WILSON, JR., president,
Pace National Bank and Trust
Company, New York City.

As soon as
HOPALONG BURNOUTS,
I'll GET A ROAD ON
HOW AND PUT A HOLE
THROUGH THE BACK
OF MY SKIN.

WEDNESDAY ...
THIRTY-NINE DEGREES
FIFTY FIFTY
NINETEEN SEVENTEEN

THE BETTER HAVE BEEN
I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY EVER
WITH A SECOND JAIL
AT HOME.

IT'S UP TO HOPALONG CASSIDY TO MAKE SURE HE GETS OUT OF HERE IF HE CAN FIND THE ANSWER TO THE ALARMING SIGN OF ATTACK.

THE VIOLET MAN
WAS ABOUT TO ATTACK
THAT THUNDER!

WELL, EITHER WAY BUT IT
WOULDN'T HAVE ANY CONSEQUENCES! THERE'S NO TIME FOR
HIM TO GET OUT OF THE WAY
OF THIS BULLET!

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE
HOPALONG'S LIGHTNING
APPEARED!

THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
I COULD FEEL THE BULLET
HITTING THE TOP OF MY
HEAD AS IT WENT BY!

(GASPS)
I WONDER...



HE ASKED HIMSELF AGAIN, BECAUSE
HE WAS FIRST ASKING, HOPALONG ASKING
HE WASN'T HERE! (HOPALONG'S
SPROKE, AND...)...

THE ONLY REASON FOR THIS
IS... (HOPALONG'S) OF THE...
WAS TO GET OUT OF THIS TRAP
FOR ME - AND I... (HOPALONG'S)
FELL INTO IT, TOO!

YOU'VE BEEN
PRETTY SURE,
BUT HERE'S WHERE
I PUT YOU DOWN!

WHAAAA!



THIS IS FOR
THROWING TO SHOOT
ME IN THE BACK!

HOPALONG'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT HIM!
I CAN'T THINK OF HIM BY HIMSELF!
AND... (HOPALONG'S) AND... (HOPALONG'S)
HE'S BACKUP OF VIOLET!

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO
GET EVEN WITH CASSIDY FOR
STOPPING ME FROM FILLING
THAT GOLD TRAIL JOB!







CAPTAIN MARVEL

THE MARVEL FAMILY

BETTER

**THAN
EVER...**

Lash LaRue

TEX RITTER

2014

10¢

COVER PRICE

Rocky Lane

HOPALONG CASSIDY

...WITH
MORE POWER OF
YOUR FAVORITE COMIC
CHARACTERS!

Six-Gun

FUNNY ANIMAL



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

2007-08-01

...and then, I know what
happened. I just got out
very early. I have the
rest of the day off —
don't worry! That's
good, it's a great
present to the company
of that kind!

THE MORE YOU CRY
THE MORE I'LL
WANT TO LET YOU
GO. I'LL GO TO
THE TOP OF THE
MOUNTAIN AND
CRY.

2000

TAKE IT EASY,
LET YOUR FRIENDS
KNOW YOU'RE
ON YOUR WAY!

GAME! GAME!
T. GAME!

5. **CALIFORNIA PROPERTY**
THIS DEED IS A TRUE
AND CORRECT
COPY OF THE
ORIGINAL ON
RECORD IN THE
COUNTY OF
SANTA BARBARA

44

2014年12月
 第12期
 第12期













QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
1 IS CORRECT, EXCELLENT — 2 CORRECT, GOOD —
3 CORRECT, FAIR — 4 CORRECT, POOR!

1. **S**OLLA WINE WON THE MONDRIAN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN FUTURE DRINKING THREE TIMES.
True..... False.....



2. **F**ATHOMETERS MEASURE WATER DEPTHS.
True..... False.....



3. **T**HE STAR 'EL CHEN' IS 150 TIMES AS LARGE AS THE SUN.
True..... False.....

4. **S**NAKES CAN'T SWIM.
True..... False.....



5. **T**HE SAHARA IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST DESERT.
True..... False.....



ANSWERS:

1. **WRONG** 2. **WRONG** 3. **WRONG** 4. **WRONG** 5. **WRONG**

Six-Gun Struggle

(Continued from inside front cover)

"Well, you better lighted it out to Pete's in the morning. Pete swears he won't fire a gun at a living soul. And Buff Hilton's poor after him tomorrow to get the deed to his land and all that rusty iron junk he's got [yarn] around. Course Buff wants to own the whole town so he can cash in on whatever gold is found hereabouts." The hotel manager bowed a sigh. "Any way you look at it, I guess Pete's bound to wind up dead."

"I damn about that," Joe Reilly said, scratching his chin. "Where's the telegraph office?"

"You can send a telegram from inside the hotel," the other said and started walking inside. "Anybody special you want to contact?"

"Oh—just a couple of old friends," Joe replied lamely.

The next morning, Joe hitched up his merchandise wagon and, without bothering to stop in town to make any sales, hit the road for Pete Capul's place outside town. Twenty minutes later he pulled up to a high-walled enclosure. In the center stood a small house. On all sides was rusty, old iron junk. Just at the entrance to the enclosure—a gap about thirty feet wide—stood a tall pine.

Joe flicked the reins and the horses pulled the wagon past the big lone pine toward the enclosure gap.

"Joe Reilly!" came a hoarse, hoarse voice.

"Pete! Pete Capul!" Joe leaped off his driver's seat and ran up to the short grizzled man who lumbered out of the house.

"Got the letter telling me you were coming just yesterday," Pete said, pumping Joe's hand. Then his smile faded.

"Hotel manager in Redrock told me all about Buff Hilton," Joe said, nodding. "I know all about your trouble, Pete."

A hard line appeared on Pete Capul's lips. "Joe," he said, "I've got trouble, but ever since the war I swear I'd never fire a gun at a man again. I don't own a six-gun and I never will!"

Joe glanced at the high-walled enclosure and Pete smiled.

"That's why I built this wall 'round my place. I figure nobody could bother me that way. I just wanted to be sure I'd really never have to fire a gun at a man."

"And Buff Hilton?" Joe asked slowly.

"Here he comes now," Pete said quietly. There was a sound of hoofbeats and Buff Hilton, sided by six of his men, rode up. They hesitated for an instant at the gap in the enclosure, then galloped in. Buff stared wildly at the merchandise salesman, then, ignoring him, turned to Pete and roared, "You ready

to take over your land for a decent price, Pete?"

"What you're willin' to give ain't decent," Pete said.

Buff Hilton went purple. He drew a six-gun and glanced around at his men. They advanced on Pete.

Abruptly, Joe Reilly laughed. He was staring out toward the Redrock road Buff passed, again purpling. Another sound made him look up. From the Redrock road came a clatter of hooves, and flashes of blue uniforms.

"Well, I'll be . . ." Pete Capul exclaimed.

"It's the 22nd Mounted Artillery!" Joe Reilly cried. "Our old company! I joined 'em on maneuvers yesterday. So when I know even the Territorial Governor was helpless, I telegraphed their Colonel, told him an old recruit and his town was in trouble — from Buff Hilton!" He pointed, in Hilton and his gang wheeled to see the blue-clad mounted ranks sweeping up. "But, Pete!" Joe continued, "We've got to stop this gang from getting away!" His hand fell toward his six-gun. "I've only got one shot—" iron, and you."

But Pete Capul was already running toward his masses of rusty old iron junk, toward what looked like a length of iron stove-pipe mounted on a swivel and with a handle at one end. He swung it around and started to crank the handle just as Hilton and his gang dashed toward the gap in the enclosure in an effort to escape.

A fountain of fire erupted with a sharp, snarling bark—from the mouth of the rusty old pipe of iron. But it wasn't directed at Hilton. With flaming tongues it struck at the base of the pine tree, the rusty bullets fired from the gun's dozen rifle-sized barrels with machine-gun speed eating it away like acid. Abruptly the pine toppled. It fell astride both ends of the enclosure. The Hilton gang, riding full tilt forward, crashed right into it with a shock. Before they could recover, the 22nd was surrounding the enclosure.

Pete grinned at the thundercrack. Joe Reilly, who was staring at the mass of rusty old iron.

"Once you haven't seen one of these since 1880 when we were demobilized, Joe," he said. "It's a Gatling gun. I saved it for a souvenir. I thought I ought however to use a plowshare someday. But I never had time."

PETE CAJUL smiled and patted the old gun. "I swear I'd never fire any gun at a man." He pointed and looked at the Hilton gang, being tied-up by the soldiers of the 22nd. Then he looked at the pine. "But that didn't inside a tree!"

THE END

GET PRIZES... MAKE MONEY!

This is right! Want to get your prize choice of a watch, rifle, uke, or any of my 70 BIG prizes? Then sell my Christmas Cards to your family, friends and neighbors. I send them for a 10¢ fee. When you get orders for 25 cards, I'll give you the prize of your choice.



HEY, GORDON
TEAR UP
COUPON FOR
MUSIC ON!
(JACK)



"Gordon" Barry took the most orders for my Christmas Cards and will win a \$25 prize.



I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

Just for Selling Christmas Cards to your Family, Friends and Neighbors

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